Hymns from Nineveh

SUNDAY MUSIC

Eurasia

Sunday Music

Wonderful Winter Morning

Under the Sun

Perfume

Livingstone’s Tree

The Wanderer

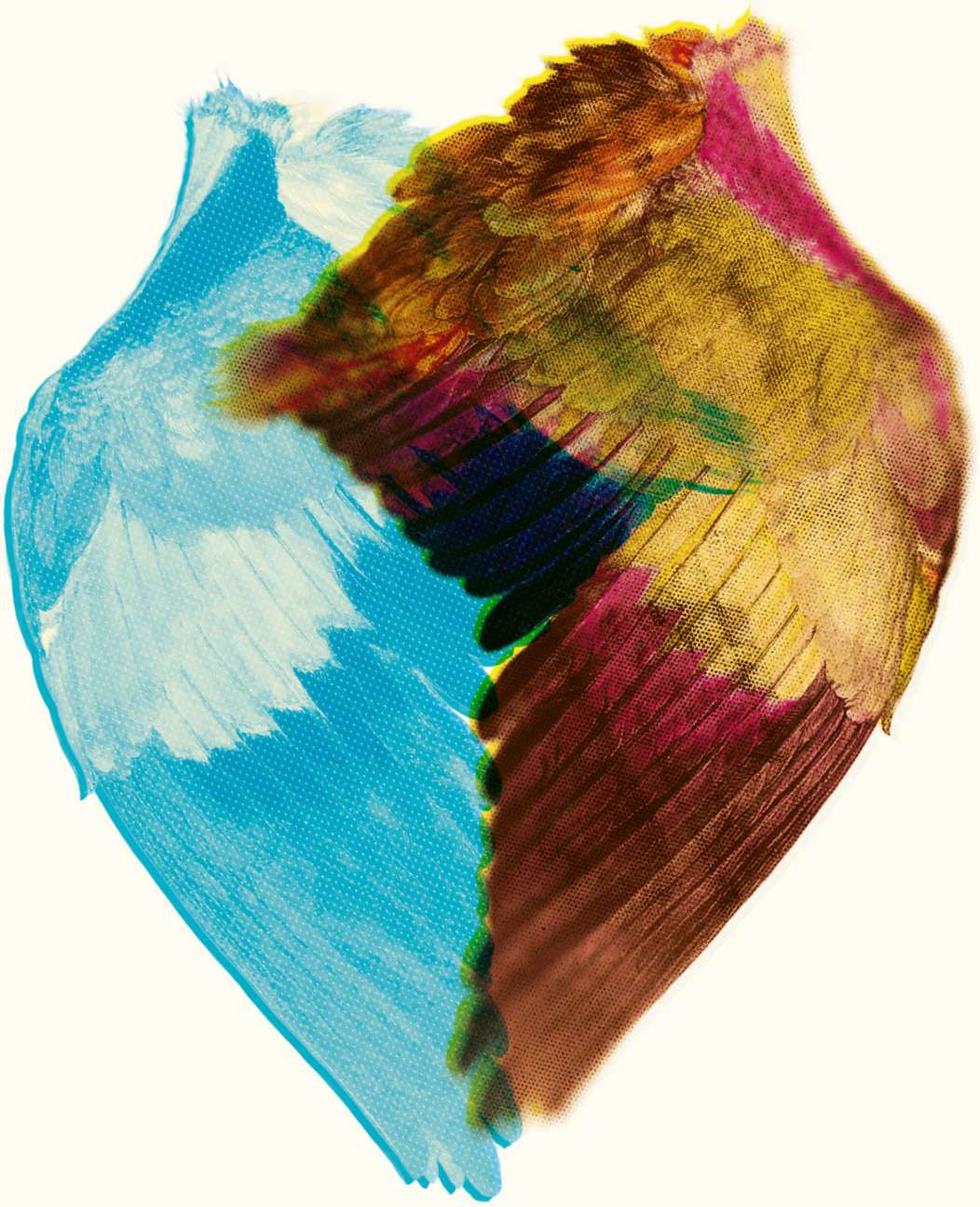
Cool Fire

Paper Kite

Lisbon

Eurasia

I am awake
It saddens me
you are asleep
I can't get close to you.
I'm wide awake two feet from you.
I'm anxious that love is like fossil fuels,
there's only so much we can use.
I am awake
it saddens me
you are asleep
I can't get close to you...
You must know me well enough by now,
to know that I tend to fuck things up,
my love, is love like fossil fuels?
I am awake
it saddens me
you are asleep
I can't get close to you...
I have a void in my heart the size of Eurasia.
It saddens me, you are spooning the universe.
What are you dreaming of,
can I plug into that dream?
I am awake
it saddens me
you are asleep
I can't get close to you...
I have a void in my heart the size of Eurasia.
It saddens me, you are spooning the universe
what are you dreaming of, can I plug into that
dream?
Can I be close to you?
Can I be close to you?
Can I be close to you again?

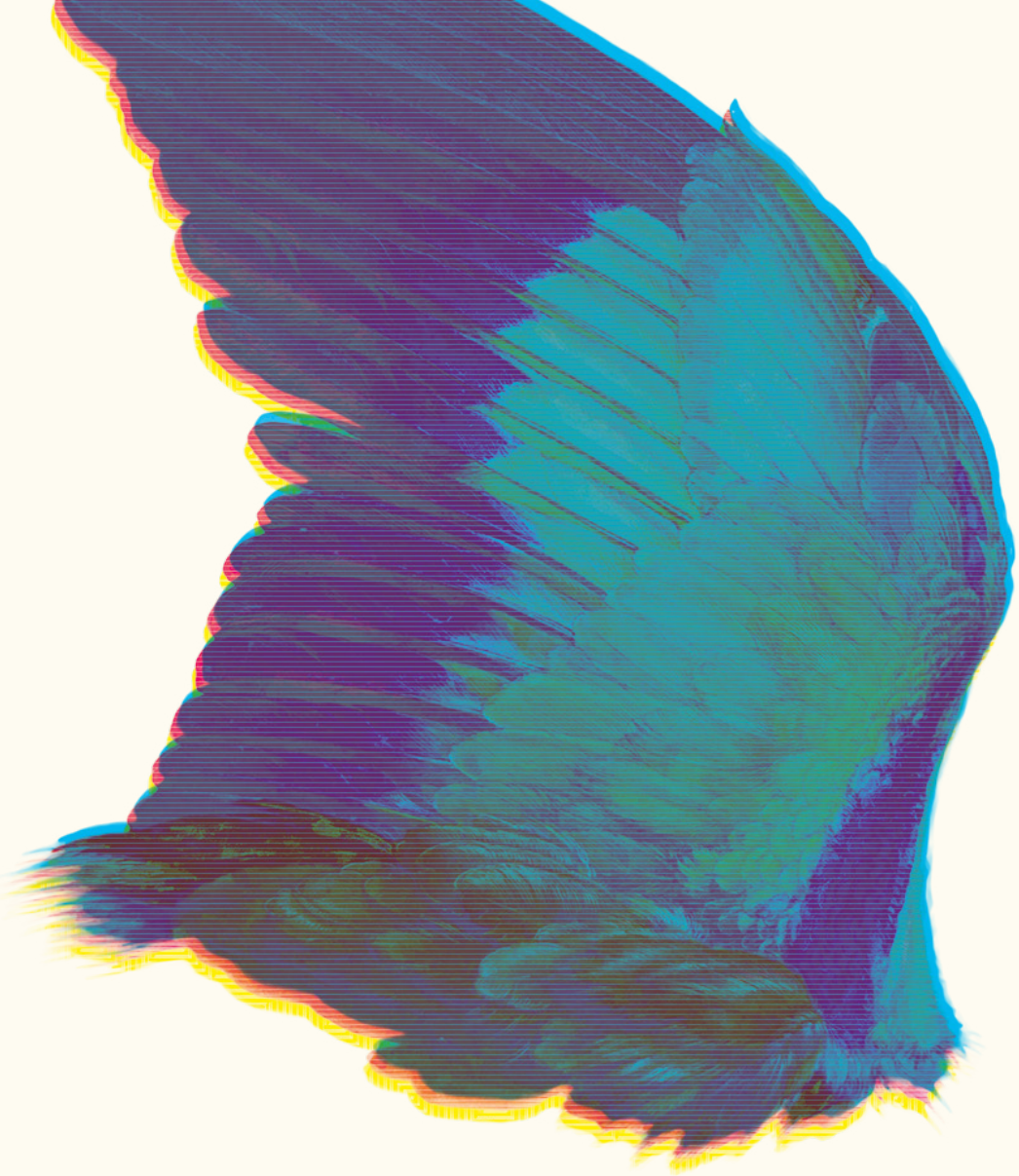


Sunday Music

I awoke early on a Sunday.
Put my favourite record on.
I couldn't remember
what our fight last night was about.
But there in the Sunday sun,
while you were sleeping,
the Sunday music
made me love you even more.
I thought:
Sunday is a day for healing,
while you are sleeping late.
The Sunday sun
is endings ended
and beginnings begun!
It's endings ended
and beginnings begun!
Oh my dear,
Sunday music is everywhere,
It's in your breath,
it's in your hair,
while you are sleeping in
on a Sunday
where everything good
is about to begin!
The Sunday sun
is endings ended
and beginnings begun!
It's endings ended
and beginnings begun!

Wonderful Winter Morning

It's a cold Scandinavian winter morning.
I'm mourning
the loss of the loved ones
I lost.
But today is also a wonder,
a wonderful morning
to walk with the loved one
I have not yet lost.
Let's go to the park
and be lovers,
walking silently
through the snowfall of time,
and recall all the people we loved once,
the loved ones who left
before we got to show them
how much.
Time passes by unnoticed,
but I will notice
every snowflake that falls
in your hair,
and I won't hesitate to tell you
how much I love you,
grateful for every snowflake
that falls in your hair.
It's a cold Scandinavian winter morning.
I'm mourning the loss
of the loved ones
I lost.
But today is also a wonder,
a wonderful morning
to walk with the loved one
I have not yet lost.
Today is also a wonder!
Today is also a wonder!
Today is also a wonder
a wonderful morning
to walk with the loved one
I have not yet lost.



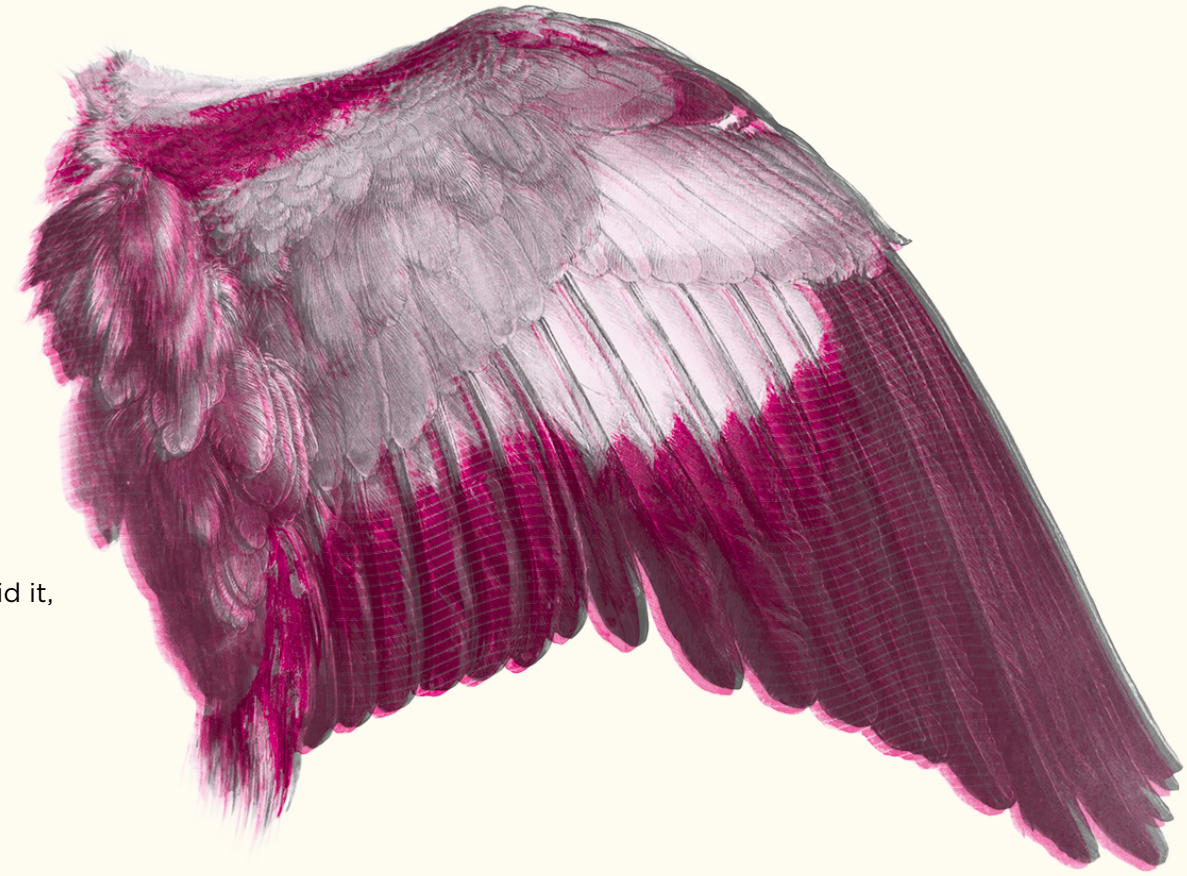
Under the Sun

Oh, what a fool I am,
when I confuse the sum of my belongings
with the amount of my happiness.
Fool!
Could you only have such a thing
as happiness,
no man could ever have such wealth.
Oh, what a fool I was,
when I thought getting what I longed for
would make me want no more.
Fool!
Could you only long for no more,
no man would ever want more.
So I make a list of unownable things
that make me happy.
I write:
You
The sea
The sun
The trees
The birds
The sky
The time I have left with you under the sun

Perfume

sweet 16
and bored 18,
raging against the machine,
revolutionary dreams,
broken hearts and poetry...
I remember reading Revelations.
The Apocalypse coming any time soon.
I got so scared,
I couldn't sleep for a year.
Still, years later, I slept with the lights on.
Sometimes I still do.
(Shashe, Notwane, Chobe)
I remember when I first saw you.
You were shining like a highway
leading out of misery.
I remember yesterday,
when you asked me
in your childish way:
"Do you think time will have its way with us?"
and I said: "Babe, it already has"
And I remember your eyes,
when I said: "Life is now or never"
And you said: "Babe, I think we"ll live forever"
and your eyes were so full of hope when you said it,
that it made me cry.
I still don't know why
it made me recall my mother's voice
singing solemn hymns of joy.
Hours in the livingroom,
the clock was ticking
and her perfume
filled the room...

I recall my mother's voice
singing solemn hymns of joy.
Hours in the living room
the clock was ticking
and her perfume
filled the room...
I remember Rosie's eyes,
and how a heart could swell
inside the chest of a child.
Seconds turned to hours when
I came so close that I could sense
her scent filling the sky...
I remember cigarettes and alcohol,



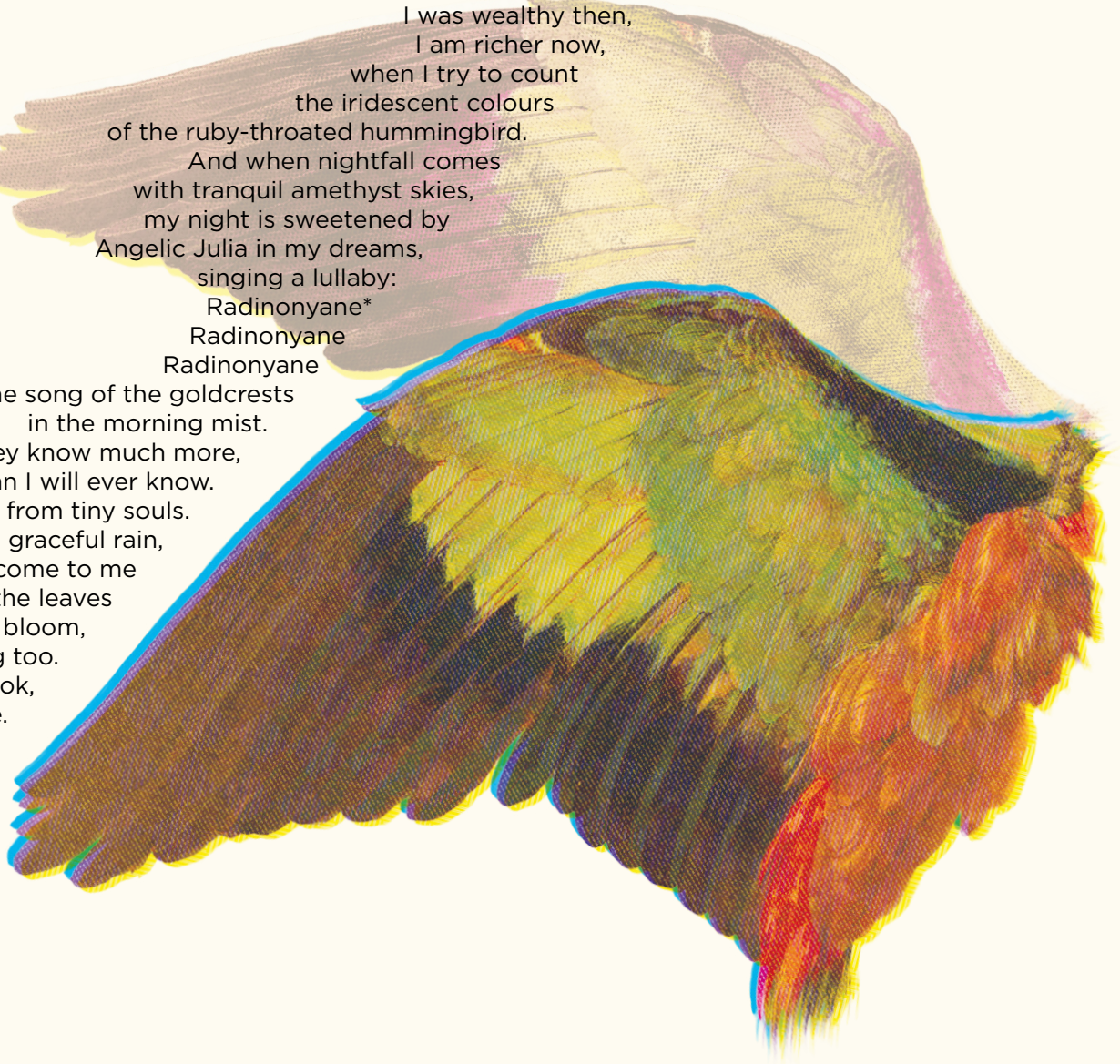
Livingstone's Tree

We were young,
we were free
under Livingstone's Tree,
and even the whole wide world
could fit in a hand.
So if you're going back
to Manyana
in your time machine
- wait for me.
"Manyana? Manyana? Ee Rra, ee Rra, ee!"
We were wild,
we were free
under Livingstone's Tree,
and even the whole wide world
could fit in a hand.
So if you're going back
to Manyana
"Manyana? Ee Rra, Ee Rra, Ee!"
in your time machine,
wait for me
under Livingstone's Tree.

The Wanderer

I've been wandering now
for God knows how long.
I couldn't find my own voice
back in Babylon.
Now the road is my song.
I was wealthy then,
I am richer now,
when I try to count
the iridescent colours
of the ruby-throated hummingbird.
And when nightfall comes
with tranquil amethyst skies,
my night is sweetened by
Angelic Julia in my dreams,
singing a lullaby:
Radinonyane*
Radinonyane
Radinonyane
I listen to the song of the goldcrests
in the morning mist.
Oh, they know much more,
than I will ever know.
Love songs from tiny souls.
Soothing, graceful rain,
when you come to me
dripping from the leaves
of a magnolia tree in bloom,
my soul is blooming too.
I stop to breathe by a brook,
led here by a breeze.
Oh, I could have sworn
that I wasn't alone
just moments ago.
Radinonyane
Radinonyane
Radinonyane

*(Tswana name
meaning "Mr.
Birds")



Cool Fire

A flock of mute swans
are singing their autumn hymn
carrying frost on their wings.
Oslo is blue today and so are you.
Dear, you should know
that the winter time is short.
The winter time is short
The winter time is short
Let's buy carnations and candles and white port,
and try not to count the things we have lost.
Let's try to rejoice!
Try to rejoice
in The Cool Fire of the Forest!
If I close my eyes,
I still hear the trill
of the meadowlarks flying high in March,
and still feel the linen
of your white summer dress
(the one you wore by the bonfire)...
Oh, that floral dress
Oh, that floral dress
Let's buy carnations and candles and white port,
and try not to count the things we have lost!
Let's try to rejoice!
Try to rejoice
in The Cool Fire of the Forest!
Let's try to rejoice!
Try to rejoice!
Try to rejoice!
Try to rejoice!
Try to rejoice
in The Cool Fire of the Forest!

Paper Kite

My longing is a paper kite
tied to a stone craving flight.
I tried to live in light,
I tried to live in light alone.
If the dead can live again,
as when winter turns to spring,
then resurrect my hope, my love,
and make my spirit sing.
Take me to The House of Grace
where The Children of the Morning sing:
"No one can live in light alone
No one can live in light alone
No one can live in light alone
No one can live in light alone
No one can live in light alone
No one can live in light alone"
My longing is a paper kite
tied to a stone craving flight.
I tried to live in light,
no one can live in light alone.

Lisbon

I keep a photo of you in my heart,
no one can take it away.
On our honeymoon,
when you were kneeling
in the cathedral of Lisbon,
(and after lighting a red plastic candle,
and quietly praying for the crippled,
and probably praying for me,
and for the marathon runners)
you said,
“Love is a boat and we’re in it
change is a sea and we’re on it”
And I wept,
‘cause I had kept you away from my world.
I thought it was best to be silent.
But there on the cold cathedral floor,
I knew that you had always lived on my island.
I keep a photo of you in my heart
no one can take it away.
On the back it says:
“Love is a boat and we’re in it
change is a sea and we’re on it”

All songs written by Jonas H. Petersen.
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Additional musicians: Aske Bode, Mikael Lavdal Kærsgaard, Lars Greve, Rebekka Maria Andersson, Magnus Lindgaard Jochumsen, Erik Danciu, Line Simone Fafner, & Nicole Hogstrand.
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String arrangements by Jonas H. Petersen & Aske Bode.
Woodwind arrangements by Aske Bode & Lars Greve.
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Co-produced by Jonas H. Petersen.
Mastered by Brian Mørk Hansen.
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playground